



Songs for Somebody

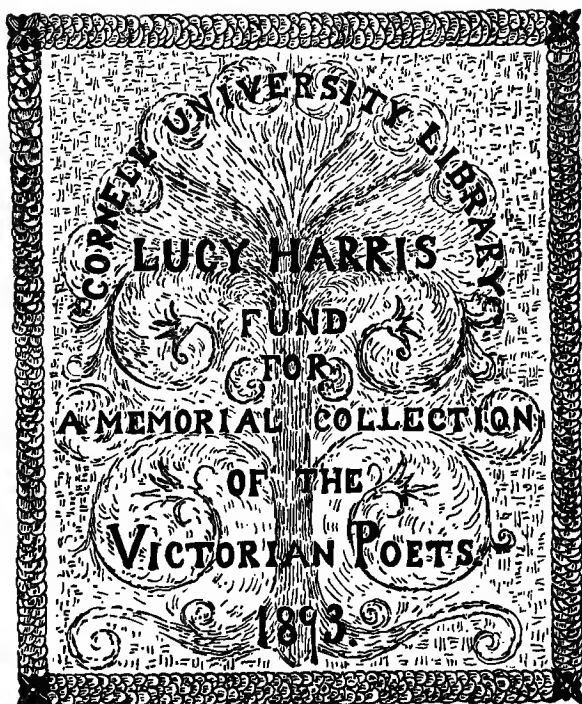
by
Dollie Radford



with designs by
Gertrude Bradley



David Nutt 270 Strand London W.C.2



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Songs for somebody /



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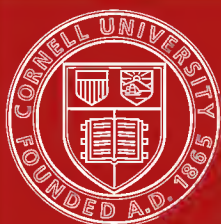
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SONGS
FOR
SOMEBODY.

Songs for Somebody



by



Dollie Radford



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Songs for Somebody



Which somebody may happily
Read in a quiet nursery
Leaving the garden game and toys
And someone else to make the noise





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Songs for Somebody

Baby-Wings.

Baby-wings
Baby-wings
Take our little one to see
A baby band
In Fairy Land
Far away from you
and me.
Now the little wings
are stronger
Every day
Baby's way
Into Fairy Land grows
longer.





I heard a tune
In leafy June
A little lover's ditty
Oh do not go
I love you so
Because you are so
pretty.



What are little socks for
To stay on baby's feet?
Baby knows much better
Socks were made to eat



Close to
the window
Only I know,
Three little
birds sit
All in a
row.



Hidden by roses
Only I see,
How the nest hangs there
Safe as can be.



Bigger and bigger
Growing each day
Soon you shall see them
Flying away.

GVB



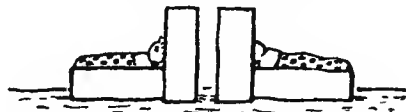
Bunny's children, three & four,
Lie upon the nursery floor.
Some without their shoes & socks,
Some without their bibs & frocks.



Bunny's children, six & eight.
Linger in a dismal state.
Some I think have lost their heads,
Put them in their little beds.



Put them all in, great & small,
In their beds along the wall.





Bunny's Children



Stars so far away,
So still and clear,
Shall we come one day
And see you near?

Pretty flame that sparkled
And danced so about,
Say where are you hiding
Now the fire is out?





Out
in the
grass,
Out in
the sun,
How the
days pass,
Lessons
all done.

Lessons
all done,
Up in
the sky,
Solemnly
one

Rook travels by.

Up in the sky,
Down in the grass,
How the hours fly
How the days pass.

And father's hand among his curls,
A little while will stay,
And mother's lips will press his brow,
When he gets home to-day:
And so his blue eyes dance with joy,
No storm can hurt the bonny boy.



But no one has a tender hand,
To rest upon her head,
There is no love in all the land
To which she may be led,
And so her little life, and flowers,
Fade in the cruel wind and showers.



Roses pink and roses red,
Gathered from the garden bed,
Roses yellow, big and small,
From the tree along the wall;
In our bowl so blue and old,
Full of water clear and cold.
Very pleasant they will be
When we sit around for tea.







On her way a hill so high
Grasses seem to touch the sky



Some sweet flowers may unseen
Hide amid the topmost green



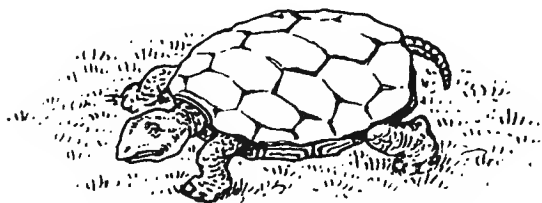
Hands & feet are useful things
In our summer wanderings



Climbing upward, wee feet soon
Tire upon a summer noon



What a great big bright blue sea
And it all belongs to me.





What a great big bright blue sea!



They fluttered to our
mossy roof,

And when I called
them — coo —

The pretty frightened
fluttering things

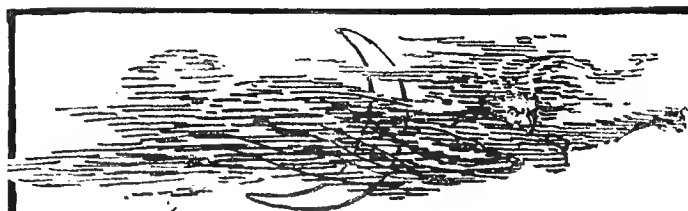
Spread out their tired
trembling wings

And downward to
me flew.

I think they tried to
reach the sky,

This morning when
the sun was
high.





But sometimes when the angry
night wind passes

The land is full of moaning
and unrest

He breaks the blossoms and the
spreading grasses

And sends the little children
home unblest



*Grandmother's garden green & trim
Where the shiny goldfish swim,
Where the currant bushes stand
In a row all close at hand*



*Where the sundial on the grass,
Shows how summer hours pass;
And the thrush & blackbird sing
Through the day of every thing.*



*Grandmother's garden fresh & sweet
Where so many aunties meet,
Where so many cousins stray.
Is a happy place for play.*





Grandmother's-Garden.

What pleasant times for you & me
These summer days beside the sea
What happy playing on the shore
To see the waves come more & more



And more & more, till high & strong
A great sea-mountain rolls along
And falls & splashes on the sand
And sends us running to the land



Where do they come from cold & blue
So many hills for me & you ?
The sea things all must call in vain
They never can go back again .

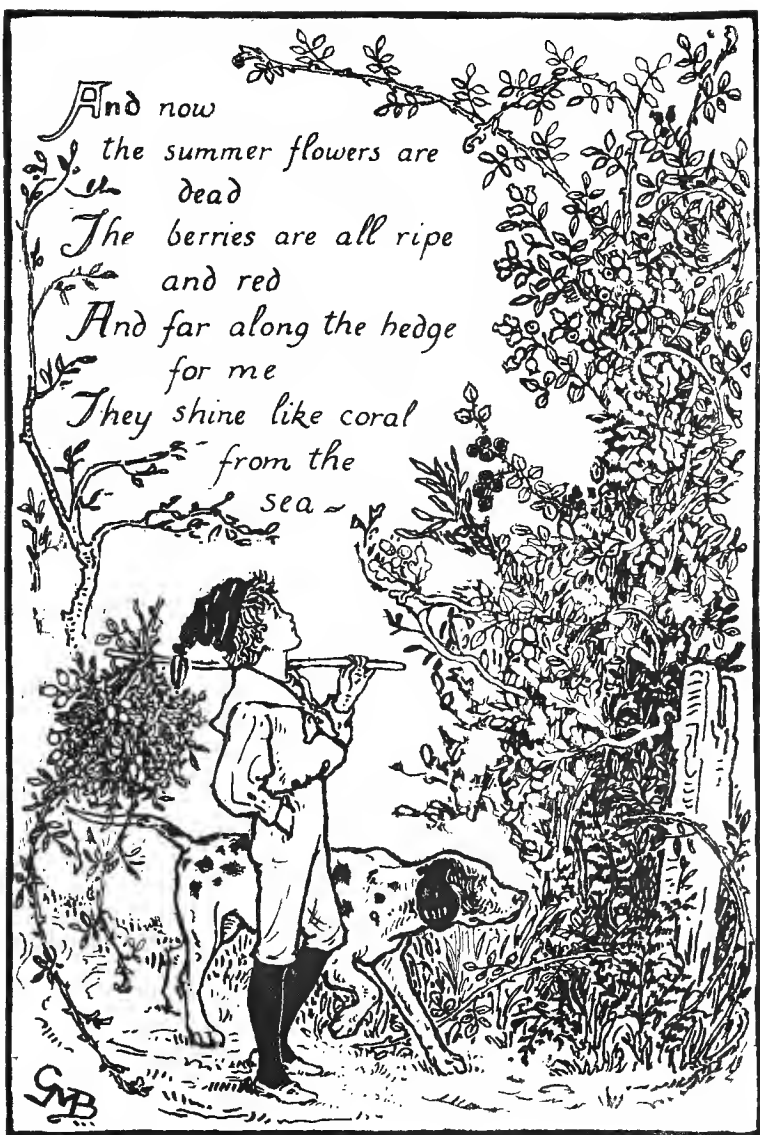




*Here's dinner for the baby chicks
To make them fat and strong,
And big enough to learn the tricks
That mother hen knows when she pricks
Her hungry way along;
And snatches from the very least
The choicest morsels of the feast.*



And now
the summer flowers are
dead
The berries are all ripe
and red
And far along the hedge
for me
They shine like coral
from the
sea ~



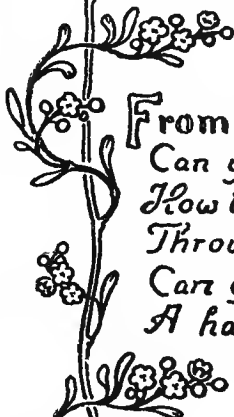
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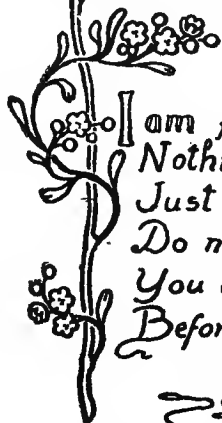
ARE you happy Lucy
On the ground?

Shall I sit beside you,
And around

Spread my playthings old & new
Quite close to you?



From your pretty pillow
Can you see
How the sun is shining
Through the tree?
Can you hear me when I say
A happy day?



I am four but you are
Nothing yet,
Just a teeny baby.
Do not fret;
You will get quite big & strong
Before so long.





—Baby Lucy.—

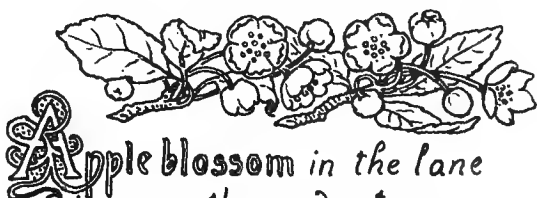


Is pleasant to sit in a
quiet retreat,
And gather red apples when
apples are sweet,
To sit in the shade when the
work is all done,
And see the big world lying
out in the sun:
And not till you climb up a
red apple tree,
Will you know how delicious
red apples can be.



Little Hester^{Prigme} do you see
 Many letters there for me?
 Did the postman call on us,
 When he came with such a fuss?
 When so very loud he knocks,
 He should fill our letter-box.





Apple blossom in the lane
Cherry on the garden tree
Cuckoo flowers in the field
Shine as far as I can see.



Lords & ladies by the hedge
Shepherd's purse & satin flower,
I could make a nosegay up
Such a nosegay in an hour.



For the sweetest meadow buds
That through all the year appear
Open when the cuckoo comes,
And to-day I heard him near





Buttercups ♫ buttercups
Stretching for miles
Through the green meadow-land
Over the stiles ♫



Buttercups ♫ buttercups
Standing so high
In all the summer-grass
Under the sky ♫





Buttercups.



Lost in the mid-
night, do not
be lonely.
This is the hour
when the fairies roam,
Does a voice call you?
no it is only
An elf who sings in
his airy home.

But now the sprites with a spell have bound her,
She sleeps and dreams of a fairy band,
Who kissed her eyes when they passed & found her,
And led her home through the starlit land.





David Nutt
London



